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MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE
OFFICIAL GUIDEBOOK

TRANSFORMERS ENERGON™

THE TRANSFORMERS' OFFICIAL GUIDEBOOKS ARE BACK!

DW

FEBRUARY
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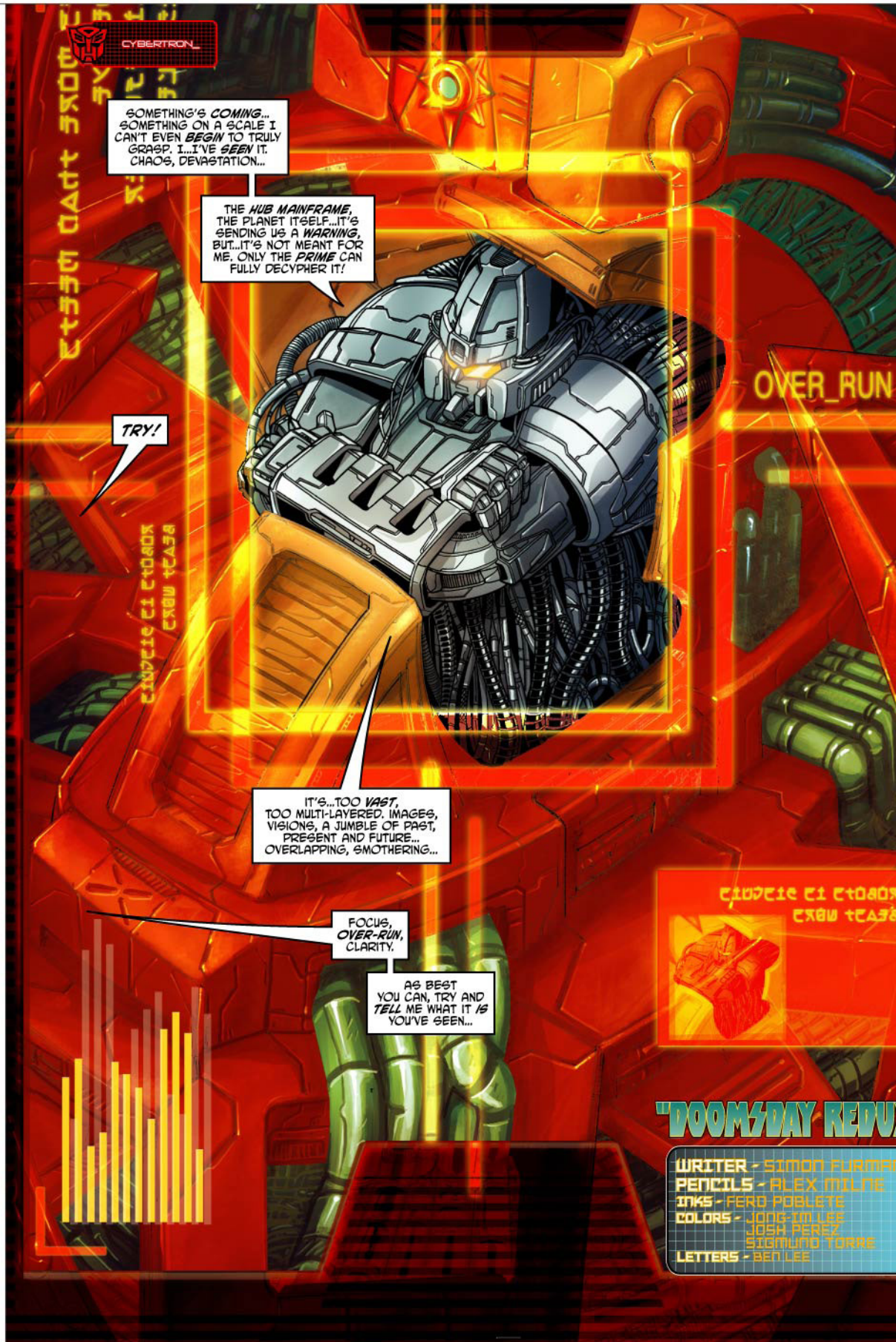
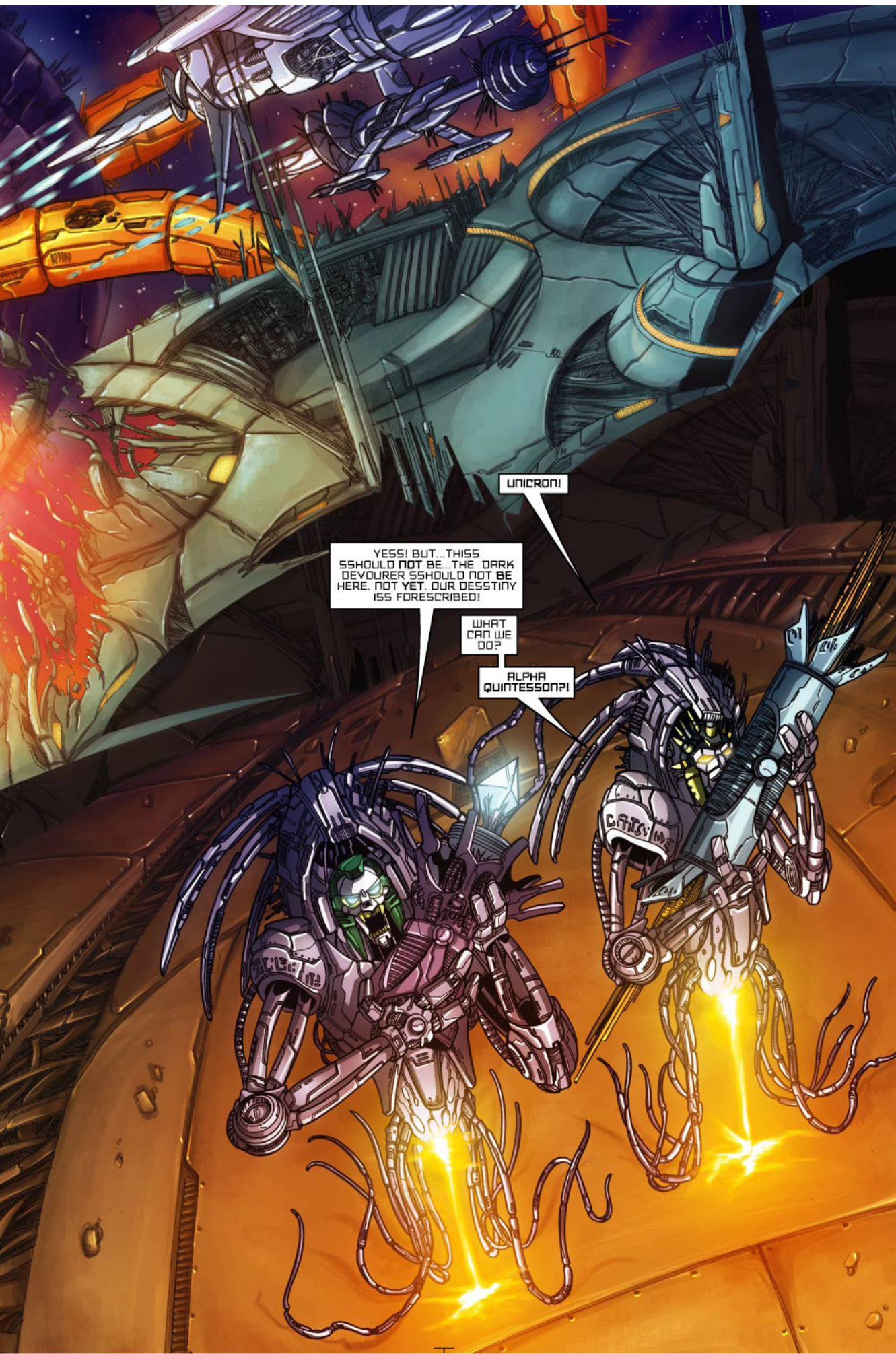
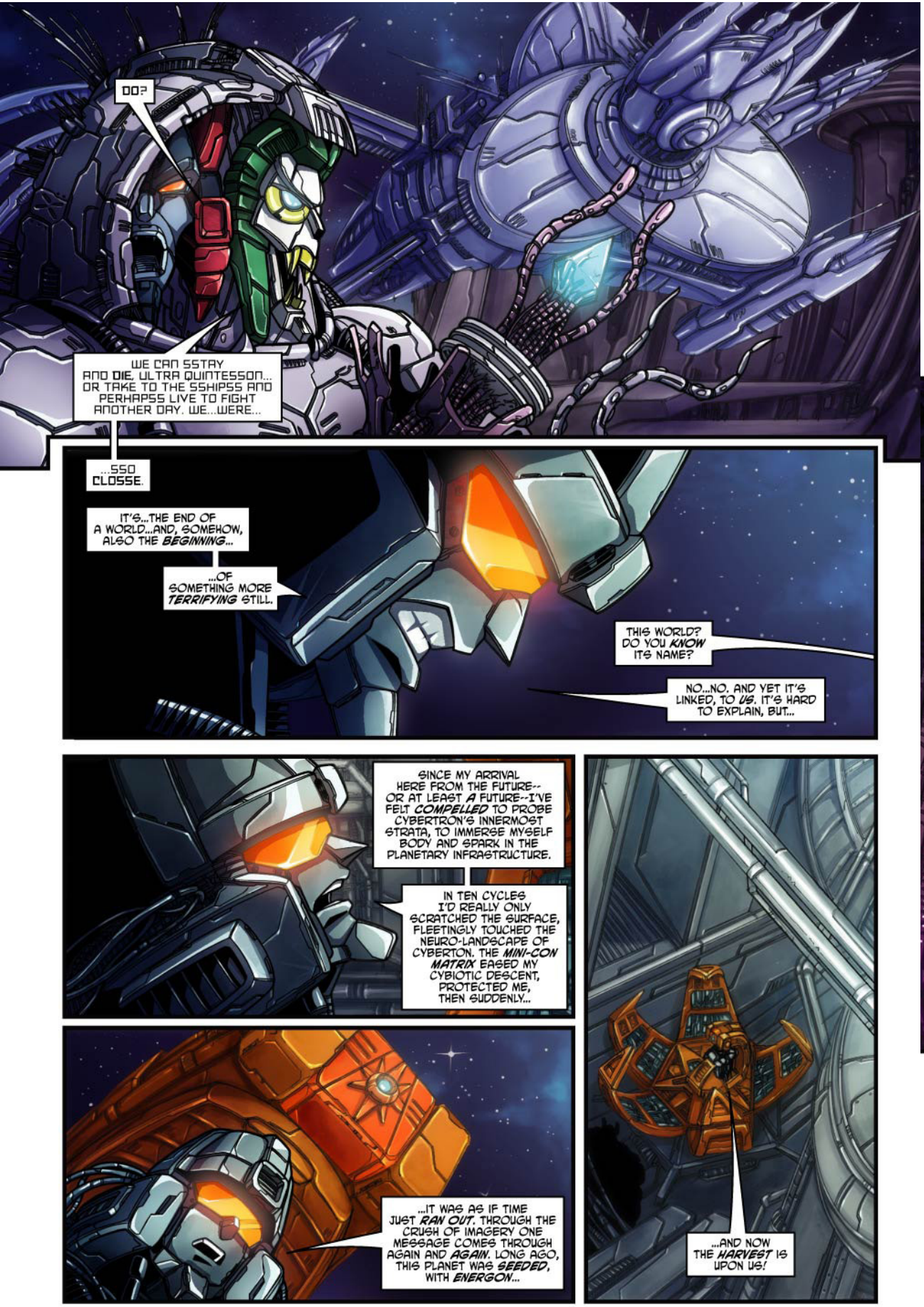
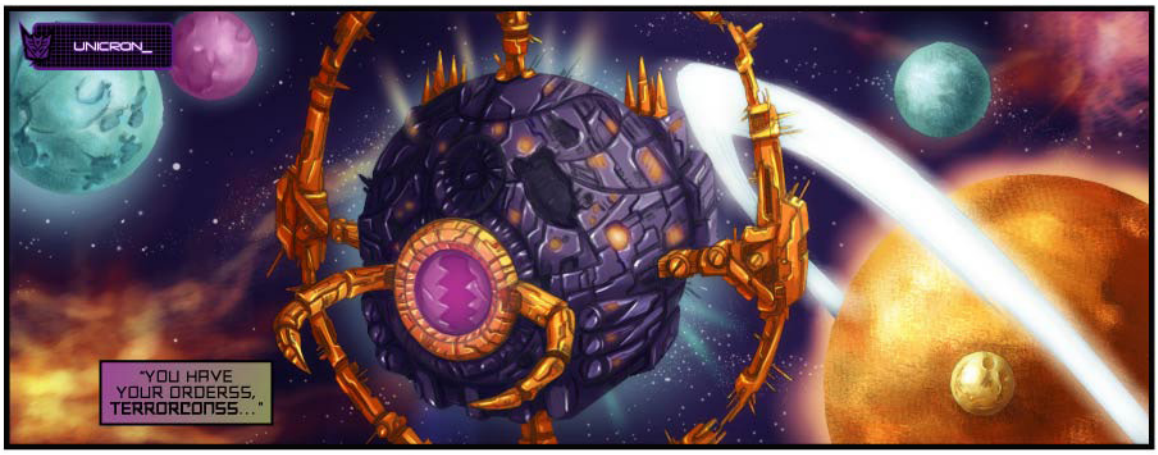
TRANSFORMERS ENERGON: BADLY DAMAGED, THE TRANSFORMERS' ULTIMATE NEMESIS, UNICRON, HUNGERS...FOR THE LIFE-ENHANCING MINERAL KNOWN AS ENERGON! DETERMINED TO PREVENT HIS RESURRECTION, OPTIMUS PRIME AND HIS HEROIC AUTOBOTS CLASH WITH SCORPONOK'S REMORSELESS TERRORCONS ON A PLANET RICH IN NATURAL ENERGON: EARTH!

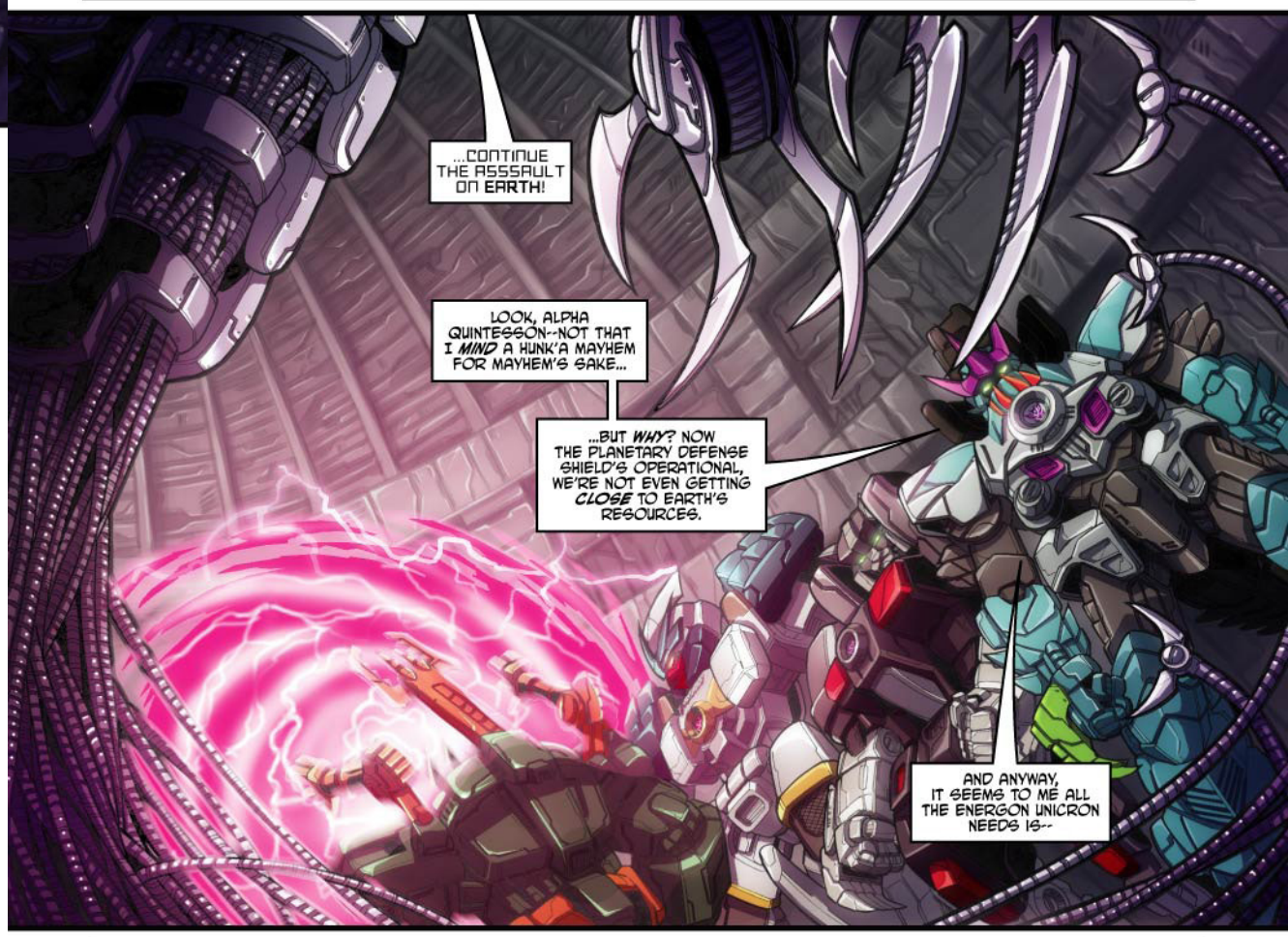


I'VE SEEN...
...DOOMSDAY!

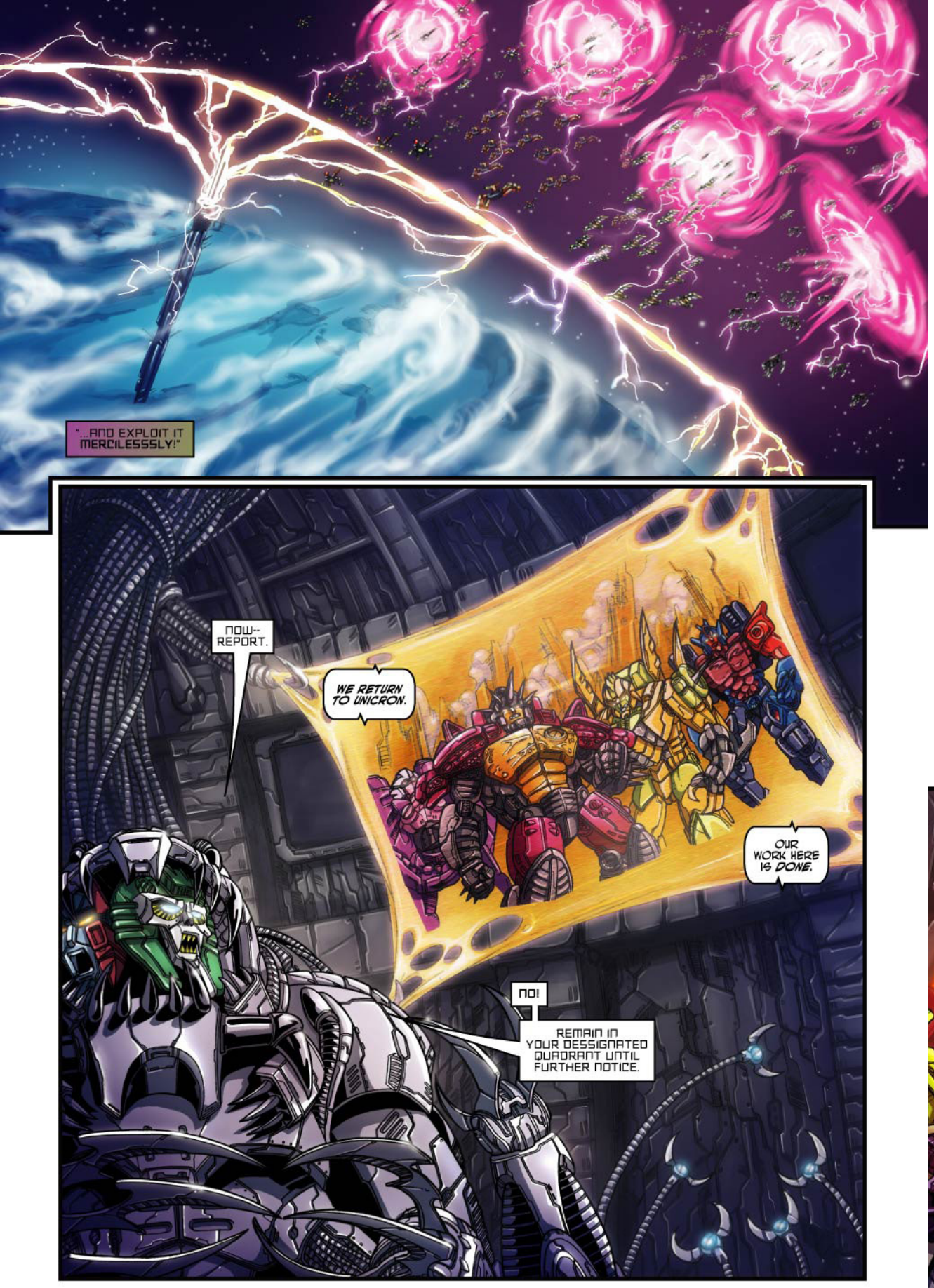

UNICRON!
YESS! BUT...THISS SSHOULD NOT BE...THE DARK DEVOURER SSHOULD NOT BE HERE. NOT YET. OUR DESSTINY ISS FORESCRIBED!
WHAT CAN WE DO?
ALPHA QUINTESSON?!

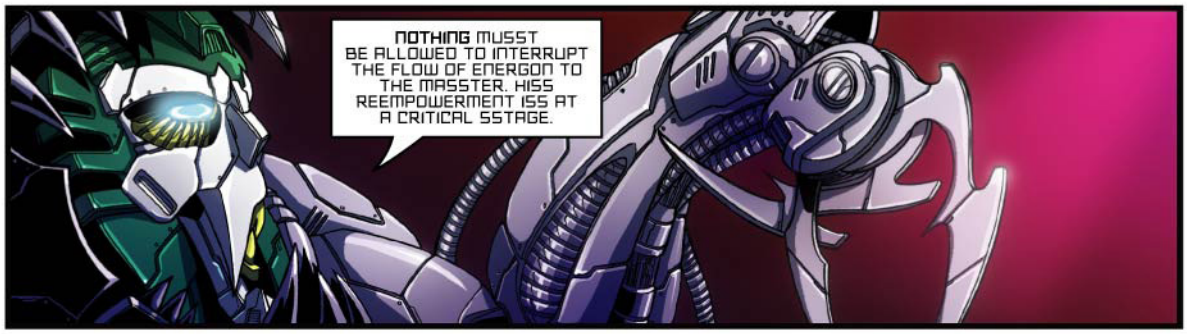

DO?
WE CAN SSTAY AND DIE, ULTRA QUINTESSON... OR TAKE TO THE SSHIPSS AND PERHAPSS LIVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY. WE...WERE...
...SSO CLOSSE.
IT'S...THE END OF A WORLD...AND, SOMEHOW, ALSO THE BEGINNING...
...OF SOMETHING MORE TERRIFYING STILL.
THIS WORLD? DO YOU KNOW ITS NAME?
NO...NO. AND YET IT'S LINKED, TO US. IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN, BUT...
SINCE MY ARRIVAL HERE FROM THE FUTURE--OR AT LEAST A FUTURE--I'VE FELT COMPELLED TO PROBE CYBERTRON'S INNERMOST STRATA, TO IMMERSE MYSELF BODY AND SPARK IN THE PLANETARY INFRASTRUCTURE.
IN TEN CYCLES I'D REALLY ONLY SCRATCHED THE SURFACE, FLEETINGLY TOUCHED THE NEURO-LANDSCAPE OF CYBERTON. THE MINI-CON MATRIX EASED MY CYBIOTIC DESCENT, PROTECTED ME, THEN SUDDENLY...
...IT WAS AS IF TIME JUST RAN OUT. THROUGH THE CRUSH OF IMAGERY ONE MESSAGE COMES THROUGH AGAIN AND AGAIN. LONG AGO, THIS PLANET WAS SEEDED, WITH ENERGON...
...AND NOW THE HARVEST IS UPON US!

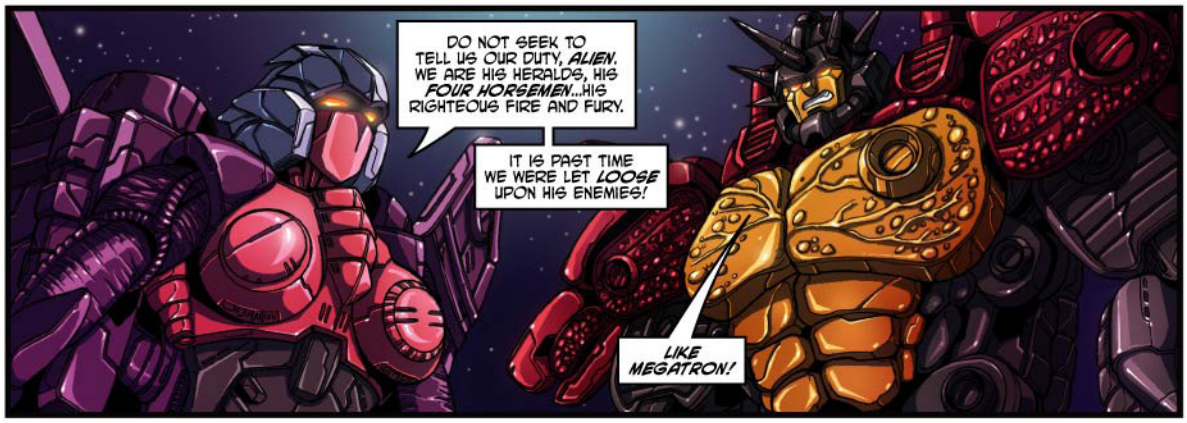

UNICRON
"YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERSS, TERRORCONSS..."


...CONTINUE THE ASSSAULT ON EARTH!
LOOK, ALPHA QUINTESSON--NOT THAT I MIND A HUNK'A MAYHEM FOR MAYHEM'S SAKE...
...BUT WHY? NOW THE PLANETARY DEFENSE SHIELD'S OPERATIONAL, WE'RE NOT EVEN GETTING CLOSE TO EARTH'S RESOURCES.
AND ANYWAY, IT SEEMS TO ME ALL THE ENERGON UNICRON NEEDS IS--

NOT YOUR CONCERN, DOOM-LOCK. I DIDN'T ENHANCE YOUR HYPER-MODE AND ELEVATE YOU TO TERRORCON COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF TO HAVE YOU QUESSTION THE WILL OF UNICRON!
EARTH REMAINS A PIVOTAL PART OF THE MASSTER'SS NINTH EMERGENCE. USSE AS MANY DRONE TROOPERSS AS IT TAKES, FIND JUSST ONE WEAKNESSSIN THE SSIELD...


"...AND EXPLOIT IT MERCILESSSLY!"
NOW-- REPORT.
WE RETURN TO UNICRON.
OUR WORK HERE IS DONE.
NO!
REMAIN IN YOUR DESSIGNATED QUADRANT UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

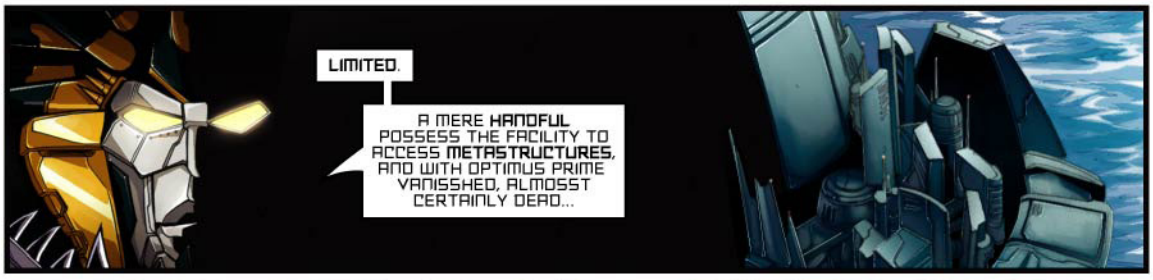

NOTHING MUSST BE ALLOWED TO INTERRUPT THE FLOW OF ENERGON TO THE MASSTER. HISS REEMPOWERMENT ISS AT A CRITICAL SSTAGE.


DO NOT SEEK TO TELL US OUR DUTY, ALIEN. WE ARE HIS HERALDS, HIS FOUR HORSEMEN...HIS RIGHTEOUS FIRE AND FURY.
IT IS PAST TIME WE WERE LET LOOSE UPON HIS ENEMIES!
LIKE MEGATRON!

MEGATRON...
...ISS CONTAINED...

"...CONTENT TO REBUILD HISS PRECIOUSS DECEPTICON EMPIRE, GATHERING THE DISENFRANCHISSED AND DISSSOLUTE AROUND HIM, BREWING GRAND SSCHEMESS WHILE COWERING WITHIN THE SSHIELD ENFORCEMENT PERIMETER."

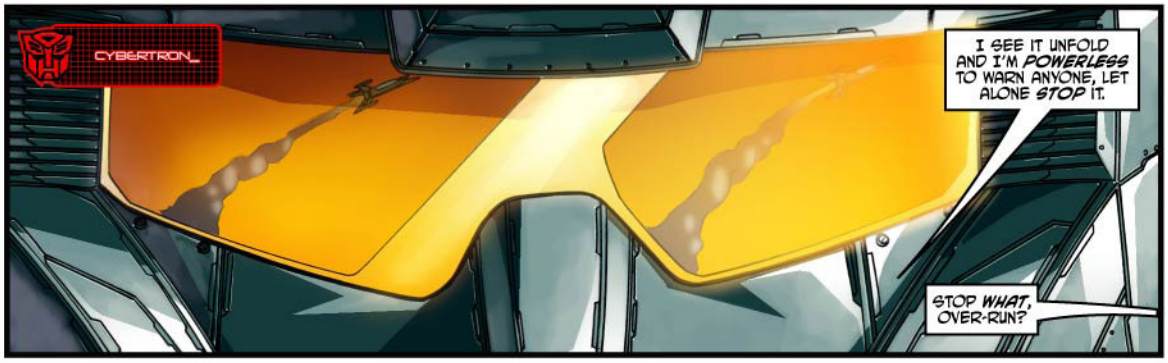
THE AUTOBOTS THEN.
THEY HAVE PROVEN THEMSELVES RESOURCEFUL. THEIR SPARK OF COMBINATION IS--


LIMITED.
A MERE HANDFUL POSSESS THE FACILITY TO ACCESS METASTRUCTURES, AND WITH OPTIMUS PRIME VANISSHED, ALMOSST CERTAINLY DEAD...

"...NO MORE WILL BE FORTHCOMING! JETFIRE, HISS HEIR APPARENT, ISS NOT A LEADER-BORN, AND DENIED ACCESS TO THE HUB MAINFRAME HE MUST RELY ON ARTIFICIAL CONSSTRUCTSS TO BOLSSTER HIS EARTHBOUND FORCESS."

SSTAND FAST, HORSSEMEN. YOUR TIME ISS COMING...

...SSOONER THAN YOU THINK!

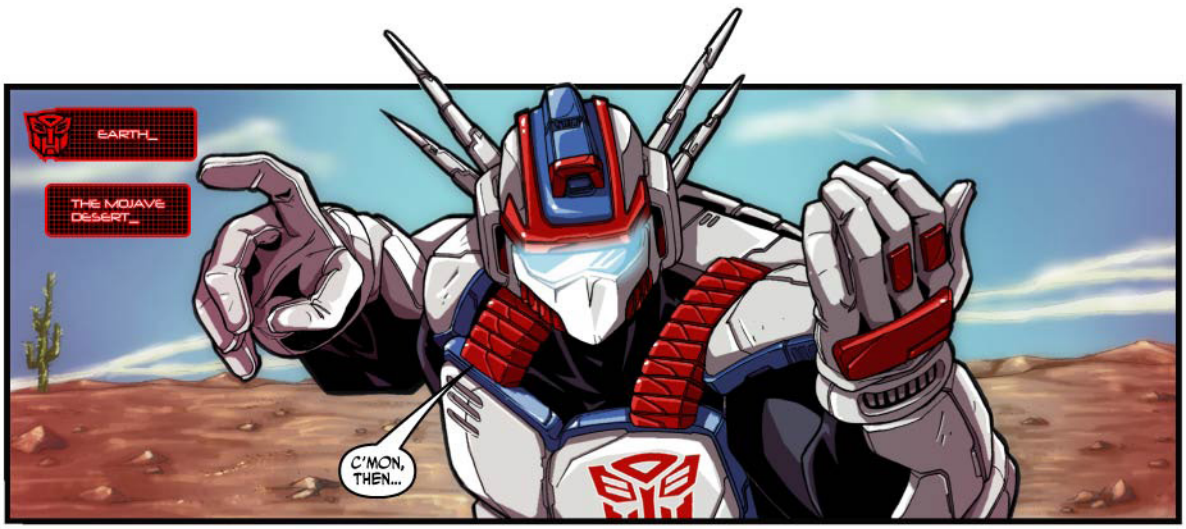

CYBERTRON_
I SEE IT UNFOLD AND I'M POWERLESS TO WARN ANYONE, LET ALONE STOP IT.
STOP WHAT, OVER-RUN?

"OUR... EXTINCTION!"

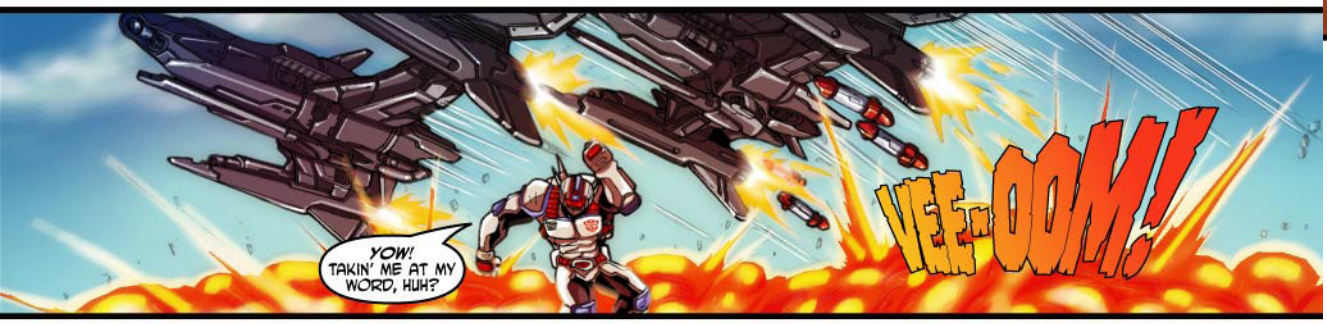
YOU...SPEAK OF THE *FUTURE*, OF THINGS YET TO HAPPEN. HOW...?
I JUST *KNOW*.

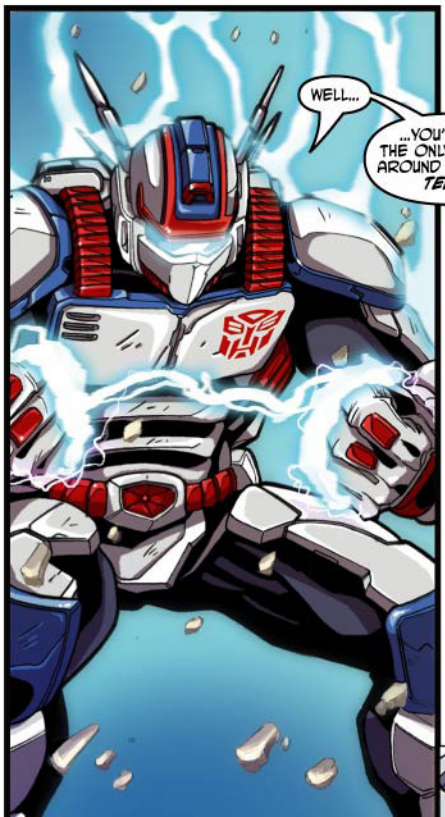
IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN...AND WHATEVER I DO, IT *WON'T* BE ENOUGH.
AND THERE'S *MORE*. IT'S NOT JUST ABOUT INVASION OR EVEN DOMINATION...
...IT'S ABOUT *POSSESSION!* THEY WANT...

"...TO BEND *CYBERTRON ITSELF* TO THEIR WILL!"

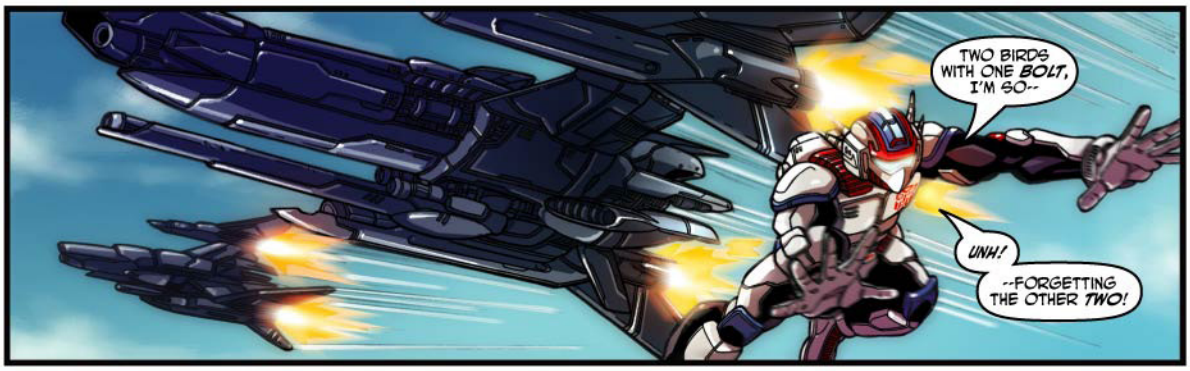

EARTH_
THE MOJAVE DESERT_
C'MON, THEN...

...GIMME YOUR BEST SHOT!

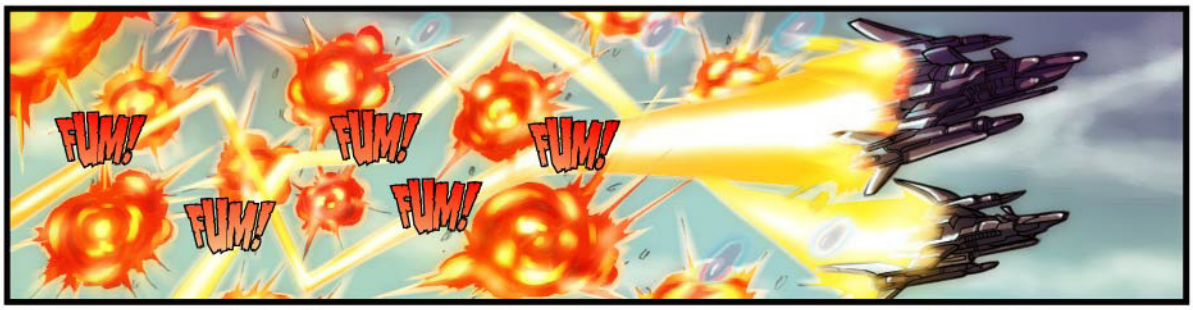

YOW! TAKIN' ME AT MY WORD, HUH?
VEE-OOM!


WELL...
...YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY CRITTER AROUND HERE WITH TEETH!

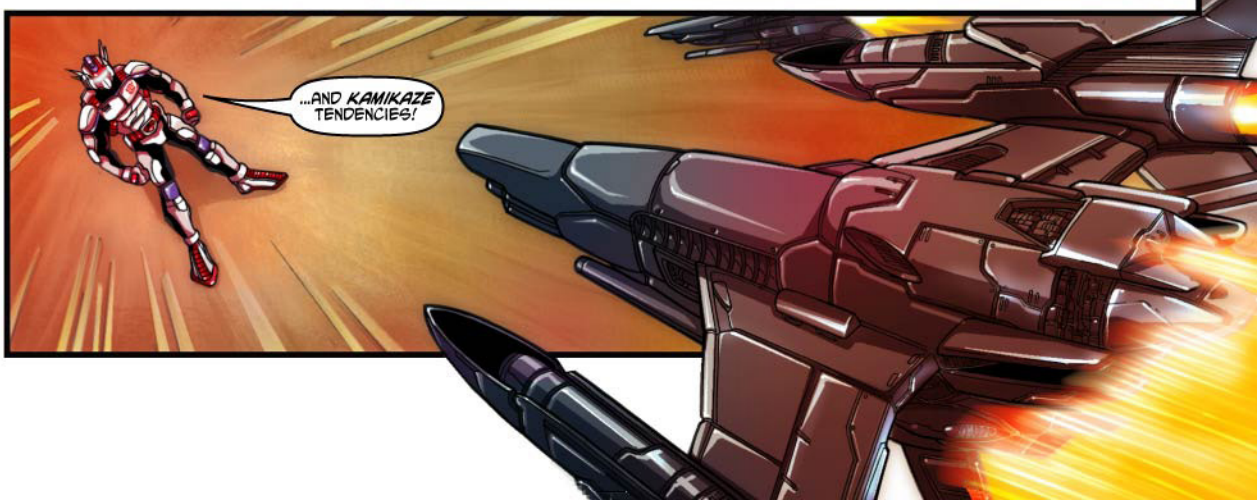
DUM!
DUM!


TWO BIRDS WITH ONE BOLT, I'M SO--
UNH!
--FORGETTING THE OTHER TWO!

BUT HEY...
...THERE'S PLENTY OF ENERGON AROUND HERE TO GO AROUND!


FUM!
FUM!
FUM!
FUM!
FUM!

UH-OH. THESE TWO GOT SMARTS...


...AND KAMIKAZE TENDENCIES!

GHU-RAH!
THAT...
DADOOM!!
...WAS TOO CLOSE.
SO...
...HOW'D I DO?
SIM
WELL. IF THIS HAD BEEN A REAL ATTACK, RATHER THAN A SIMU-COMBAT, IN SCIENTIFIC TERMS...
...YOU'D BE TOAST!
SERIOUSLY, KICKER-- I HAD YOU COLD. YOU WERE SO BUSY ADMIRING YOUR MOVES YOU DIDN'T ANTICIPATE THE THREAT UPGRADE.

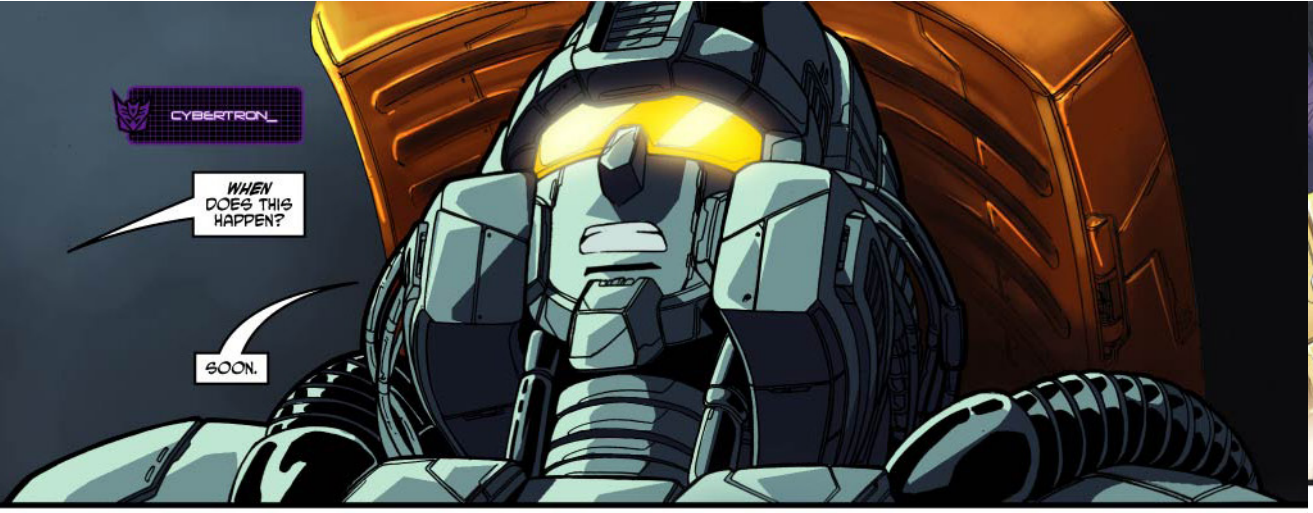
IF THAT'D BEEN A TERRORCON IN YOUR FACE...
...YOU'D BE DEAD OR GONE.
IF THAT'D BEEN A TERRORCON...I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN HOLDING BACK!

KICKER, TRUST ME ON THIS. I'M SOMEONE WHO'S STOOD IN YOUR SHOES...NOT ALL THAT LONG AGO.
YOU THINK YOU'RE INVULNERABLE, THAT NOTHING CAN STOP YOU. AND OKAY, YOU HAVE SOME PRETTY AMAZING MOVES, BUT YOU'RE STILL LEARNING, STILL FINDING YOUR WAY.

RAD'S RIGHT, SON.
YOUR...AFFINITY WITH ENERGON HAS MADE YOU A TARGET, TWICE OVER NOW. AND WHILE THE FIRST WAS MAYBE OPPORTUNISM, THE SECOND WAS A CONCERTED EFFORT TO GET AT YOU.
UNTIL WE KNOW THE EXTENT OF YOUR POWERS, AND WHY THEY WANT YOU SO BADLY, YOU HAVE TO WORK WITH US...NOT AGAINST US!

YEAH, WELL... MAYBE I'M TIRED OF BEING TREATED LIKE SOME PET EXPERIMENT! SEEMS THE ONLY TIME YOU PAY ME ANY ATTENTION, DAD...
...IS WHEN I'M JUMPING THROUGH YOUR HOOPS.

I...JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND HIM.
I DO. ONLY TOO WELL. TRUST ME...
...HE'LL WORK IT OUT. IN HIS OWN WAY, ON HIS OWN TIME.



BUT...

...WE'RE SSAFE, AREN'T W--

EEEEEEEE!

VARAAAK!

YOU--
--WILL BE CONFORMED. FROM THIS MOMENT ON, YOU EXIST SOLELY...
NO... NO!
MUSST SSEND TO...
...TO SERVE UNICRON!
--LON!
CHUMMM!

EARTH_
...TREAT ME LIKE A KID!
LIKE I NEED PROTECTING OR SOMETHING!
MAYBE...IT'S TIME I JUST HIT THE ROAD, STRUCK OUT ON MY OWN!

SO LONG DAD, CIAO RAD. IF I CAN'T HAVE MY WAY...
...IT'S THE HIGHWAY!

DR JONES? WE HAVE A VEHICLE ENTERING THE FIELD OPS PERIMETER. ON CANYON ROAD, HEADING SOUTH.

ANALYSIS?
SOME KIND OF HEAVY-LOAD CARRIER. I'M GETTING NO OBVIOUS RED FLAGS, BUT IT COULD BE SHIELDED.
IT'S FAST...MAYBE TOO FAST FOR THAT KIND OF VEHICLE.

RAD!
WE HAVE A POSSIBLE *INTERCEPT*. COMING IN FROM THE SOUTH.

OCHRE TEAM--*LET'S ROLL!*
IT MAY BE NOTHING...

"...BUT WE CAN'T *AFFORD* TO TAKE THAT CHANCE!"
HEY! *HEY*! BUDDY--HOW FAR YOU *GOING*?
ME?

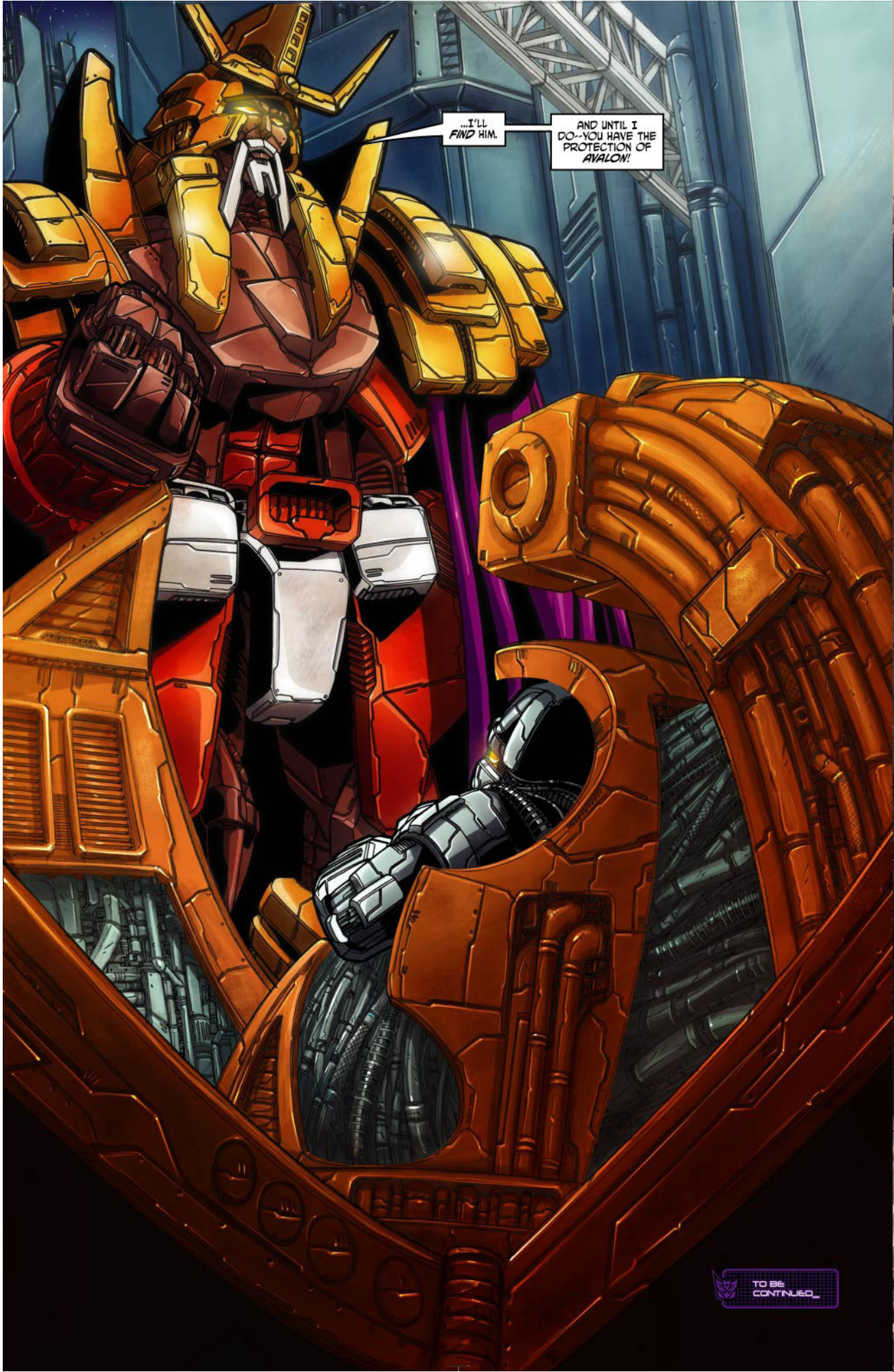
ALL THE WAY TO HELL!
CHRUNKK!

CYBERTRON_
THERE'S SOMETHING YOU'RE *NOT* TELLING ME.
YES.

IT'S A *FRAGMENT*, UNCLEAR AT BEST.
BUT I THINK THERE'S SOMEONE *HERE*, ON CYBERTRON...

...*HELPING* THEM.

BUT YOU DON'T YET KNOW *WHO*.
NO. IT'S WHY I CAME TO YOU. YOU'RE THE *ONLY* ONE I CAN TRUST!
YOU DID RIGHT, OVER-RUN. LEAVE THIS TO ME. IF THERE'S A *TRAITOR* IN OUR MIDST...


...I'LL *FIND* HIM.
AND UNTIL I DO--YOU HAVE THE PROTECTION OF *AVALON!*
TO BE CONTINUED_

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